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Hopes, Dreams and Memories

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Frank A. Clark

Salem, Illinois



Hopes, Dreams and Memories

A poet is no more responsible for thoughts expressed than a sleeper is of dreams dreamed. Many good poems are lost to the world because the poet failed to understand them or they conflicted with his prejudices or beliefs.

Frank A. Clark
Salem, Illinois

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD

There is a cottage by the river
Standing as it did of yore,
Where the columbines are winding
All around the oaken door.
The moss in on the shingles,
The house is in decay,—
But that is where my happy,
Happy Childhood passed away.

Yes, those happy days of childhood,
With each romping girl and boy,
In our homestead on the Okaw
In the state of Illinois.
There we scampered up the hillside
Or lounged beneath a tree,
And sweet Mary loved to gather,
Gather flowers there with me.

On a balmy summer evening
When the moon was in her pride,
We were strolling by the river,—
Sweetheart Mary by my side.—
There I told her that I loved her
As I worshipped at her shrine;
It was there sweet Mary promised,
Mary promised to be mine.

There is the clearing on the south side
I prepared with greatest care,—
There is the orchard that I planted
Of the apple, peach and pear.
On the Okaw's sluggish waters
Where we often came to row,
There I built a cot for Mary,
For Mary—long ago.

There is the graveyard and the chapel,
The daisy and the rose,
That is where my sweetheart Mary
Is sleeping in repose,
And my hopes with gentle Mary
Lie buried in the clay,
For with her my dream of childhood,
Of childhood passed away.



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HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

LEADING

It seems but yesterday that you and I
Strolled through the pasture and the woodland dell.
I led you on rough places, gently took your hand
To help you on the ways I knew so well.
I taught you laughter of the breeze and brook,
The joys of flowers and the skies and trees,
The love song of the robin and the thrush,
The sweets of honey and the sting of bees.

But yesteday you toddled by my side,
Today, I need you, as you did me then,
To teach me the joys and beauties today;
It is yesterday I would live again.
Lead me over rough places and through the wood
And on till I come to the deep, cold river
And there holding your strong, young hand in mine
My weary heart shall not falter or quiver
Holding your hand in mine I shall step into the
[stream;

Your courage and faith, will follow I know
To the brink, and it will not be so hard
If you lead me as far as you can go.
Then trusting in a higher power than man,
I will pass out and on, beyond today,
Await your coming at the farther shore,—
Where I again — ——— will lead the way.

THE ABYSS

The night is dark and dreary,
The soul is full of fear,
There is an awful silence
And the abyss is so near.
The body weak and weary,
The mind too tired to think,
The soul so sad and lonely
Slumbers on the brink.
The night so dark and silent,
Weary the body and soul.
The ever yawning abyss
Awaits another toll.

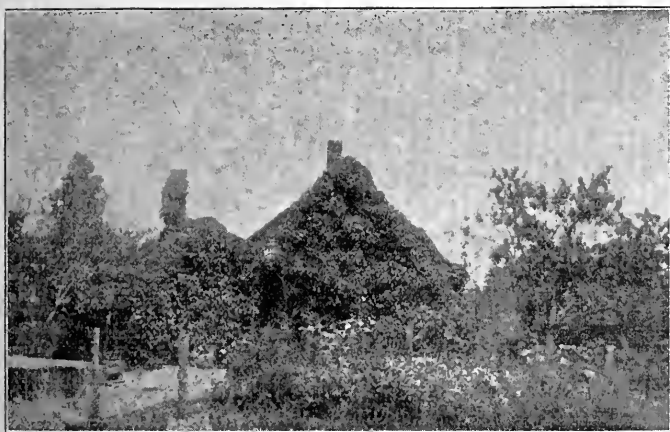
HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

THE IVY VINE.

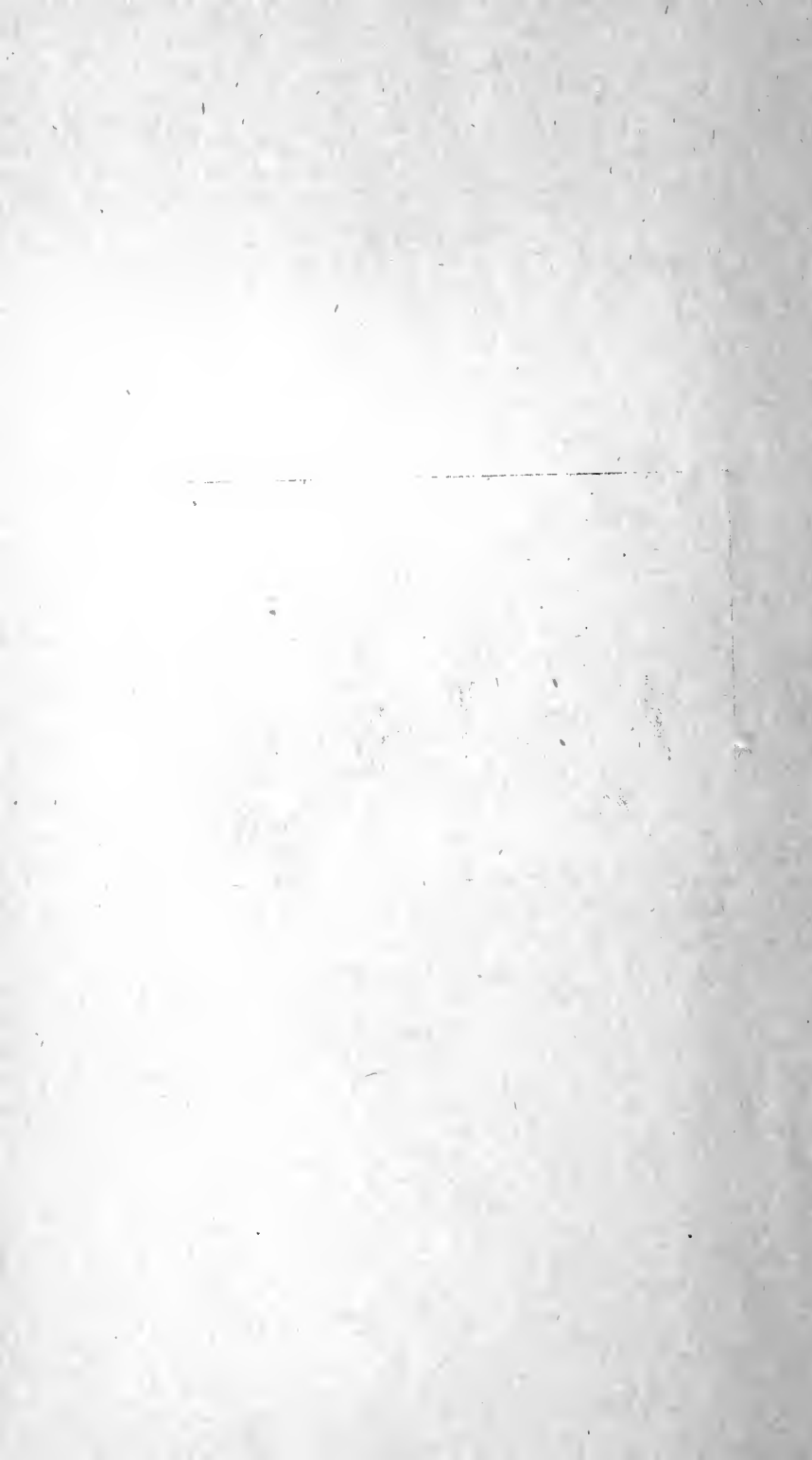
It was many years ago
That a tiny ivy vine
Took a fancy to our cottage,
And began to creep and climb.
Inch by inch and year by year
It grew and spread with never a fear.
Until it covered the cottage over
And wound its tendrils round every door.
The sparrows nested beneath the eaves
And reared their young mid the ivy leaves.
It took away my desire to roam
When the breeze in the ivy sang of home.
Home, home, home, sweet home.

It was many a year ago,
That the ivy vine of love
Bound our eager hearts together
With rich blessings from above.
Inch by inch and year by year,
With subtle grace it drew us near,
Until it filled our life and heart
And bound us nevermore to part.
There are many pleasant memories
Nestled amid those ivy leaves.
And many soothing melodies
Heard there below the eaves
My heart turns back wherever I roam
To hear the song in the ivy at home,
Home, home, home, sweet home.

The ivy vine has died
Just as hopes have died before,
And left its grim old skeleton
Still clinging round the door.
The leaves have dropped and faded away
And gone is the beauty of night and day.
The cottage is vacant, the loved one's are gone,
But like the old ivy my heart clings alone.
It clings to the memories—but again I must roam
With the song of the breeze
Of the former sweet home,
Home, home, home, sweet home.



There are many pleasant memories
Nestled amid those ivy leaves,
And many soothing melodies
Heard there below the eaves.



HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

IMMORTAL

Hope preceded me at birth,
Hope preceded heaven and earth,
And in space, with its vast scope;
There was only hope, just hope.
It guided me through out the years,
It led my way, through sighs and tears.
In desolation it counsel gave,
It beckoned from beyond the grave.
None seemed to know, that I was dead,
And not a Psalm or prayer was said;
But on the close of life's short day,
Hope like a sunbeam passed away.
Then night, dark night, about me stole,
Death, garnered unto its self, my soul,
For hope had vanished, as the breath
That passes in the hour of death.
So calm, so dead within, and still,
The body wanders about at will
Drifting amid my fellow men,
Awaiting, to be born again.

LULLABY

Slowly the drowsy eyelids close,
Dear little baby, sweetly repose.
One hand on your brow and one on your breast
Nothing disturbs my little one's rest.
Sleep, little darling, while you may,
Many the wake before you're gray,
Many the heartache, sigh and tear,
Sleep, little one. while mother is near.
Slowly the sun sinks in the west,
While mother lulls her baby to rest,
The day has kissed her last good-by,
And nature sings her lullaby.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Hush baby, do not cry
Thru the green meadow or down the dear lane
Father will come to his darling.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

LONGING FOR HOME

I never left my home before and shall not go again,
I have an awful hurting and a longing and a pain.
I want to see my children, my wife and all the rest,
Of all the places in the world—my home it is the best.

How I want to see the chickens around the old barn-door

To pet and feed them with my hand as I have done before.

I want to hear the little pigs a' squealing in their sty
And walk within the garden fair where hollyhocks grow high.

I want to hear the song my wife is singing sweet and gay.

The while she works and watches our little ones at play.

I want to see my mother—just standing by the gate
To watch and wait for someone who is ever, ever late

I never left my home before and shall not go again,
It brings the tear-drops to my eye, this awful hurt and pain.

I always keep on dreaming of the cozy cot of mine,
And shall hereafter cling to it as would an ivy vine.

When the evening shadows fall, and the day has sunk to rest.

Then my spirit homeward bounds to the ones I love the best.

I can feel the soft embrace of the boy upon my knee,
And his tender farewell kiss, like a blessing clings to me.

Who? The Trinity never works alone,
And when they enter an earthly home
They make death the honored host,
And take one for the Father, one for the Son,
And one for the Holy Ghost.
As death claims you, we wonder who
Will be the other two.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

THANKSGIVING

The childrens coming home again,
On next Thanksgiving day,
And all the things thats good to eat,
Are carefully stored away.

There's pumpkins dried for pumpkin pies,
Apples and mince-meat to,
And every day I hear them say,
These things are not for you.

The childrens coming home again
From homes that are far away
Back to see the old folks
And spend Thanksgiving day.

So economize and Hoverize
And plan each whole day through
Pile up the logs and kill the hogs
There coming home to you.

There will be rabbit pie and chicken pie,
And popcorn in a ball.

There will be custard pie and lemon pie,
And enough baked for all.

Our trials will be forgotten,
There will be no sorrow then,
It will be a treat, to watch them eat,
When the kids come home again.

I have kept the hunters from my fields
I have fed the pretty quails
I have them tame enough I know
To sprinkle salt on their tails

I want then to tell as big a tale
As any huntsman dare.

To tug and pull at a big sack full
Of pheasant, quail and hare.

We have the cellar almost full,
There's treasures stored in here,
There's treasures old, that's worth pure gold,
To drive away grim care.

So economize and Hoverize,
And store the things away,
It won't be said, that's all not fed,
On next Thanksgiving day.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

AMERICA

America, thy sons have died upon the battle field
Defending liberty and right, which we shall never
yield.

America, thy sons are free, no noble, prince or slave.
The brotherhood of man will be where'er thy flag
shall wave.

America, thy stars and stripes shall ever wave o'er
thee.

No foreign powers shall hold domain over thy
Democracy.

The stars shine forth for every state. The red is
blood that's true.

The white is purity and right, — for loyalty the
blue.

No matter if I cross the sea, no matter where I roam
The dearest spot on earth to me is America, my
home.

America, America, America, my home.

The dearest spot on earth to me,
America, my home

THE CARESS

The day loved night, and night loved day,
Though each one had its sphere,
They never fairly met I know,
But they came so very near,

At morn the day with smiling face,
And armor plate of gold,
Invited night to share its light.
And hear the story old.

Timid night, with heart so light,
Could not tary long;
And so the day, wore on its way,
And sang loves old sweet song.

But at evening tide, the night came back
And sought to meet the day,
And so, day lingered yet a while,
And kissed and went its way.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

WHY DON'T YOU WRITE

Why don't you write the old folks?
Their hair is turning gray,
Their hearts are sad and lonely
Since you have gone away.
The house seems big and lonesome,
The music hushed and still,
Your places there are vacant
That no one else can fill.
They look in vain for letters,
They pray for you to write,—
They are lonely, oh so lonely,
Why don't you write tonight.

Why don't you write to the old folks
Just send a line back home.
Father and mother are lonely
Just living there alone
So many things to remind them
Of the joys of bygone days
When the sun of hope was shining
And you were one of the rays.
The sun will soon be sinking,
Then twilight and the night,—
Their hearts are sad and lonely,
Why don't you write tonight?

Why don't you write to the old folks
Their day will soon be over,
The dear old home will vanish
And never will be more.
The place would be so dreary
Without the old folks there,
With only vacant firesides
And memories clustered fair.
So write them a long, long letter,
Turn up the flickering light,
Cheer up their hearts a little,—
Why don't you write tonight?

They sit alone by the fire-light,
They watch the embers glow
As they have watched together
So many years ago
Before you came to cheer them,
Before you went away,
Before the sun was setting,
Before their hair turned grey.
Those hopes and dreams and memories
Are pictured in the light;
You are in every picture.—
Why don't you write tonight?

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

OKAW LULLABY

From out the woodland pasture lot,
The dusky shadows creep,
And the murmur of the Okaw,
Is a lullaby of sleep.
For one can sleep so peaceful
With that music in their ears,
And mother's lullaby will dry,
An ocean full of tears.
I seem to feel her presence,
Catch the love light in her eye,
As I drift back to childhood
And my mother's lullaby.
Let me doze before the fire,
And hear that song again,
While in my heart I will learn
To love and bless my fellow-men.

The logs piled high upon the fire,
The gun hangs in the rack,
And hides are tacked upon the door,
Of that old river shack
There are apples strung upon a string,
To rafters over head,
The tables set for anyone,
That's wanting to be fed,
The latch strings out, the open door,
You'r always welcome there,
And just drop in when you pass by,
You will find a solace there.
The shadows play on the wall
And upon a spotless floor
And in my dreams I wonder back
And live it all once more,

The whippoorwill is singing in the tree over head,
It's time that all good children,
Should be tucked away in bed,
And murmurs of the Okaw are a pleasing lullaby;
And all your troubles, like the clouds,
Just keep on drifting by.
The music of a pack of hounds,
In fox chase o'er the hill,
Is mingled with the mournful song,
Of the doleful whippoorwill.
That river shack is really home,
By love and nature blessed
And the murmur of the Okaw
Is a song of home and rest.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

Oh sing to me a lullaby, sing it soft and low,
Sing it as my mother sang it, many years ago.
I seem to feel her presence,
Catch the love-light in her eye,
As I drift back to childhood,
And my mother's lullaby.
I'll climb upon her dear old knee,
My head upon her breast
And listen to her lullaby, and lull my soul to rest,
Just let me doze before the fire,
Or watch the embers glow
While in my dreams I wander back,
Back to the long ago.

TO A FRIEND

The night is dark, the hour is late,
The fire is burning low,
And I open memory's album
To the distant long ago.

Not a shadow comes before me—
I am a boy once more,
I live the life I used to live
In the happy days of yore.

I loved you, friend, so dearly
With all my boyish heart.
Of all my joys and all my hopes
My soul gave you a part.

But you were ever silent,
You spoke no love for me,
And yet you seemed to be a part
Of my eternity.

We glided down life's river,
For a while we kept apace,—
But at length you drifted from me,
From your old accustomed place.

But in my memory's album
You are always present still,
And in my heart there is a place
That no one else can fill

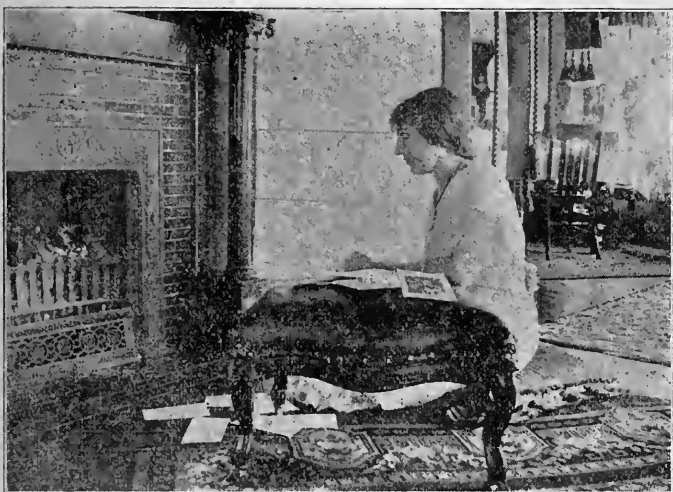
HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

THE HOUR OF DREAMS

Sitting alone by the firelight,
Watching the embers glow,
Deep shadows falling about me
While the night wind murmurs low;
The past, the future, the present
Each have their own little theme,
As they mingle harmoniously pleasant
In the beautiful hour of dreams.

Fancy gathers the shadows,
Blends them with hopes bright glow,
Mingles the trials of today
With memories of long ago.
My hopes of the past, my pleasures
Are present, each one, it seems
To take the form of a blessing sublime
In this beautiful hour of dreams.

The future— a hope and a fancy,
The past— a memory old;
Tomorrow—today's fulfillment
When yesterday's tale is told.
Today is the intermediate,—
Life is on trial, it seems,—
The verdict is left to memory
In the beautiful hour of dreams.



Fancy gathers the shadows,
Blends them with hopes bright glow,
Mingles the trials of today
With memories of long ago.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

A MESSAGE

I will send you a rose from home, lad,
From the gardens you love so well,
Tenderly cared by hands that are dear
At the home where you used to dwell.
It will bring you a memory of home, lad,
Each petal— a heart-beat true.
‘Tis the color-blend of love, lad,
Like the home that blends into you.

I will send you a message of home, lad,
Of the home that is far away,
Of the home that guarded your childhood
When you were carefree and gay.
The rose has a varying charm, lad,
Like love that is ever new,
And each relaxing petal
Is a hope it holds for you.

I will send you a rose from home, lad,
They are blooming for you today,
And their fragrance on the breeze, lad
Must reach you by night and day.
No matter where you roam, lad,
No matter what be your fate,
The roses are blooming at home, lad,
Ajar is the welcoming gate.

Look, look at the rose again, lad,
See its warm rich heart unfold
The secrets hidden beneath, lad,
Are like a tale that is told.
The good Great God of Love, lad,
Looked on the bud and smiled,
And the smile went into its heart, lad,
To remain there undefiled.

Poetry, is truth, emotion and imagination intermingled with hopes, dreams and memories set to rhyme by the impulse of the soul.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

DRIFTING.

The years roll onward one by one,—
The lessons learned, the laurels won,
The deeds of mercy, the thoughts of good,
The things we never understood,
The things that really makeup life—
The hope, the love, the joy and strife,
They all go drifting, drifting on,
Drifting, after we are gone.

A hope, a smile, a thought, a deed,
A helping hand to those in need,
A song of praise, an honest prayer,
A heart to wish a soul to dare,
A cheer to drive away the tears
And cleanse the soul of doubts and fears,—
These things will live when we are gone,
Drifting, drifting, drifting on.

We live, we die, we live again,—
We haunt the haunts of living men.
And tho they really never know—
They share our joy, they share our woe;
They share our life of right and wrong,
For we keep mingling with the throng,
And with the world we drift along,
Drifting, after we are gone.

EGO

That you make gifts so free,
It is not for the joy of giving
But only the joy of telling
How much you have done for me.
As the farmer plows his ground
And sows the golden grain,
You scatter your deeds of kindness
Only for hope of gain.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

THE ROSE

When you'r all knocked out,
And you've took to your bed,
And you 'aint a giving a darn
Whether you'r livin' or dead.
When along comes a neighbor,
With just a rose or two,
And sorter gives you a smile,
As he say's these'r for you.

These the great American beauties,
With their damask smell,
That lifts your weary soul
From the very gates o' hell
All at once you git a longin'
And there's a tingling' in your nose,
And you keep a lookin' and a lookin'
And a smellin' o' the rose.

Then yer eyes get to leakin'
And your friend, the neighbor knows
And you try to hide your feelin'
Mid the petals o' the rose.
Yer love the whole worl' better,
But your thoughts you'll not tell,
And all that you can do
Is just to look and smell.

Fer the smellin' ' o' the rose,
Is the sweetest smellin' yet,
It's a soft sweet smellin'
That yer smeller won't forget.
There's flowers just as pretty,
In the green house and the dell,
But there ain't a flower bloomin'
That can beat the rose for smell.

Justice is a daughter of right, a sister of equality
and a friend to all; yet how few strive to make her
acquaintance.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

CONTENTMENT

Contentment never has turned a wheel in progress,
Self-satisfied she takes the trodden road
With never a murmur for her fate or hardships,
Accepting life as pre-ordained by God,
With mind too listless, slow to comprehend
Her own condition, slow to make amend.

Contentment never yet has led the way,
Along she dallies on the beaten road.
Discourageing all those who seek advancement
And cursing those who try to ease the load.
Contentment never once has seen a vision,
And hope has never throbbed within her breast,
Desire to carry out a deed or mission
Are to her unknown, all she wants is rest.

Contentment is the fate of simpleminded,
The idol of the indolent, supine,
Debased and lost, to paths of progress blinded
Are those who worship at her shadowy shrine.
It is the slogan of the bold oppressor,
Altho it is not harbored in his breast.
He will not follow in her path but preaching
He goes to recommend it to the rest.

THOUGHTLESS

When the body feels old and the soul cold,
And the mind overburdened with care,—
How can one laugh at the world's light chaff
When each breath should be a prayer!

When the soul's domain is a house of pain
And each moment a trouble new,—
How can one play that the soul is gay
And make the world laugh too!

The lips may smile—once in a while,
But the soul can no joy impart,
For the only smile that is worth the while
Is a smile that comes from the heart.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

WHEN HARRY IS AWAY

The little teddy-bear lies forsaken and alone,
There is no one to hold him tight.
A dreadful silence hangs over our home—
For Harry is away tonight

The old cow missed him at milking time
And the neighbor boy over the way,
Kept whistling and shouting out under the tree
For Harry to come and play.

The old dog meets every boy down the road,
He greets them with joy and delight;
Mistaken he returns to the house and whines,
There is no one to play with to night.

And father, he sits with his head in his hands
On the step by the kitchen door,
For it brings to his mind the sorrow and pain
If Harry came back— — no more.

IDLE MOMENTS

There are precious moments that glide away
While life is joyous and young and gay,—
Altho they are nice they never come twice
And often are idled away.

Tomorrow will be but another today
For spreading kindness upon our way,
To let folks find we're improving our mind
With moments once idled away.

Those idle moments will drift into years,
They cause regret, many sighs and tears.
Let us strive with might to do what is right
In moments once idled away.

A moment once past will return nevermore,
Its mission on earth is done and over.
Each fleeting breath brings us nearer death;
Still moments we idle away.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

YOU AND I.

To Sister Jennie

The family pictures on the wall
Of father and mother and children all,
Are fading as shadows dull and gray;—
Like the rest we shall pass away
Like the rest we shall say good-bye;
All that are left are you and I,

Just you and I!

Flesh and blood may pass away,
Fade like pictures dull and gray,
But something lives time to defy,
And that can never, never die.
The light of virtue, good to see
That leads the way for you and me,

For you and me.

Just like the farmer sows his seeds
So we spread our thoughts and deeds.
Often the harvest is so long
That others reap when we are gone.
Reaping the harvest we have sown,
Blending and mixing it with their own,

Like you and I.

May we spread and sow the best of seed
Of noble thoughts and noble deeds,
Clear the ground of weeds and tares,
And purge the heart of petty cares,
So that others, passing, see
A good example in you and me,

In you and me.

Memory holds the after-glow
Of sweet days— the long ago ,
When the others cleared the way
For a bright and better day,
Sowed the blessings 'round us free,
Paved the way for you and me,

For you and me.

Fading pictures on the wall,
How we love them one and all!
How we love what they have done,
They who fought for us and won.
We love the smile, we love the sigh,
That they gave in passing by,—
You and I,

You and I!

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

AT THE GATE

At the dying of the day,
As the twilight turns to gray,
And nature sings her lullaby of home,
There is longing in my breast
For the ones I love the best,
And my thoughts go drifting
Back to childhood's home.
And the gathering shadows play,
Mid the locks of silver gray
Of my mother as she watches at the gate,
As she shades her failing eye,
As she scans the passers-by
She is watching for the stragglers that are late

I can see the smiling face,
I can feel the warm embrace,
Of my mother as she condescends to wait
For each member of the flock,
Not a one is there forgot,
There she greets us as we enter in the gate.
When I'm weary of the strife
In the twilight of my life,
And my footsteps seem to falter by the way,—
With her face so calm and sweet,
She'll be waiting there to greet
And her wrinkled hand shall lead me on the way.

LOVE AND MARCH

Love like a March-day steals upon us unawares,
Changeable as weather, bringing joy and pain.
Soaring high with hope and joy, sinking with despair
Thrilled with sunshine of sweet love, saddened by
[the rain.

Lovers never will be, no never will be,
No, never can be, the same.
He knows there is only one woman,—
She knows there is only one man.
They are just like the weather,—they can not live
[together

And they can not live apart anywhere;
Love like a March-day serves a wicked fare.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

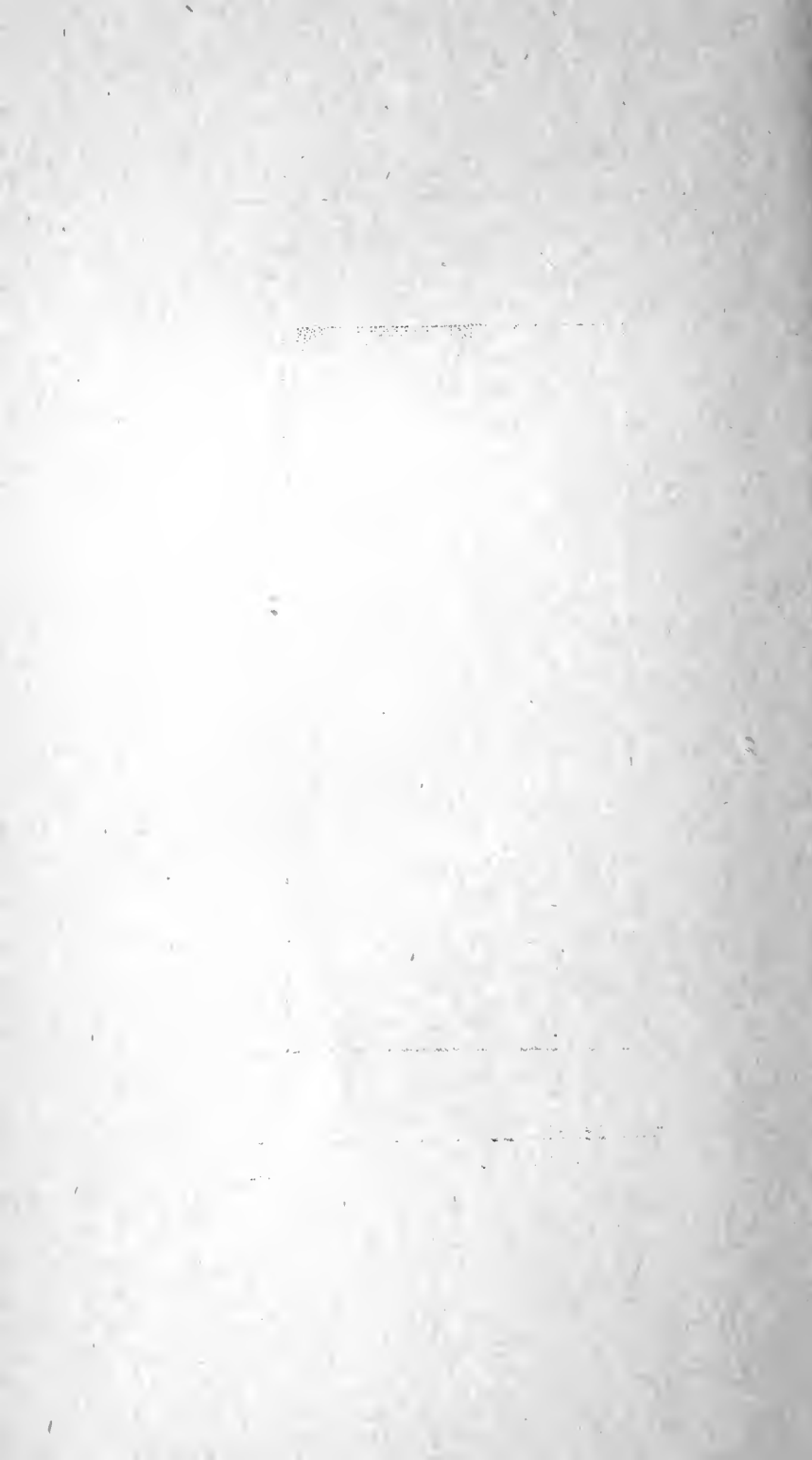
LEOLA

We heard you lisp your baby lay,
We watched you grow from day to day,
Your winning way became an art,—
In all good work you took a part.
You entered our life, our heart, our soul,
And glided on to a higher goal.
You gave us hope and love anew,—
And Salem, Leola, is is proud of you.

The Globe chose well, the fairest lass
No fairer beauty could surpass,—
And doubly sweet to those who know
And catch a glimpse of the soul aglow.
The world to face you smile with pride,
Your own true self, no flaws to hide.
Your winning way, so pure and true,—
Why would not Salem be proud of you?



MISS LEOLA AIKMAN, SALEM, ILLINOIS
And Salem, Leola, is proud of you



HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

THE ORIGAN OF WOMAN

Inspired by the Greek Mythology
The making of woman and method wrought,
Was to the Gods an after thought
No material was left from Man
So they just used what came to hand.
They took the scraps from snake and dove,
The wolf and deer and hate and love,
And gave to this an Angels face,
And clothed it in deceit and grace.
They kindled love-light in her eyes
And formed her mouth with smiles and lies.
They made her voice both soft and low
And a winning way like the dove and doe,
And then to show their heavenly art
Of the elements they made her heart.
And the Gods thought the man so blest;
They went to hell and borrowed the rest.
To man, the Gods, this creature give,
And with, or without her, he can not live.

THE VAMPIRE.

From the Famous Picture

She swayed too and fro, sang a lullaby low,
And now and again she kissed,
Like an angel of death, she drank of his breath,
And another was add to her list.
He gave not a care, that she lingered there,
He loved and longed to tell,
With scorn and pride, she threw him aside,
And only laughed when he fell.
He only knew his love was true,
The lady sweet and fair.
He would give his life, to call her his wife,
But the woman, she did not care.
If he trod again the walks of men,
He would seek and know the wrong,
To be caressed, he would bare his breast,
And know the Vampire's song.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

THE GOAL.

When soul goes forth to play the role
Of lover to another soul
It wandered forth to find its mate,
Clothed in the human garb estate.
It cares not for the cloth of man,
It cares not for the class or clan,
Nor weather course, or weather fair,
False or true, it gives no care.
It gives no heed for mortal fate,
When soul finds soul and claims a mate.

When flesh, strolls forth in search of bliss,
To know the joy of mortal kiss,
It cares not for the gain or toll,
It cares not for the wish of soul
Of beauty, wealth and warm caress
It only knows the loveliness,
It knows no law of God or man,
Nor, does it for the future plan,
It takes the chance and dares its fate,
When heart meet heart, to choose a mate.

When heart and soul, but chance to meet,
In highway or byway, in alley or street,
It is joy assured, to mortal man,
What ever his station, his kin or clan.
The cottage, or hovel or castle is home.
For love is assured, where ever they roam.
When heart and soul cooperate,
And earth and heaven choose a mate.
The God of love has blessed the goal
When heart, meets heart, and soul meets soul.

A dream was born of hope, clothed in anticipation,
sustained by energy, nourished by ambition, became
a fact and lived in memory.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

CAMOUFLAGE.

If I should stop laughing a while,
Despair throws a blur o'er my eyes,
Denying my right to love eternal,
Clouds all the glory of earth and sky.

I laugh, though my heart is breaking,
I sing to drive away care,
And all the world thinks I'm contented,
Though my future is only despair.

I smile and I laugh and I sing,
But it's only my lips that smile,
If I only could stop for a minute,
If I could only rest for a while.

Despair knows my faults and failings,
It knows every thought of my soul,
And always before me its challenge unfurling,
Denying my heart — — its goal.

I could bear my sins and follies,
If they were before me unfurled,
But always I smile and laugh and sing,
Others, to hide from the world.

Elizabeth, ran to her aunt one day,
With hands all covered with ink;
"Wash them off right quick," she said,
"For I don't know what papa would think".
"Oh!" aunty said, "your papas no good,
And it don't matter much to you".
She said, with a sigh and a tear in the eye,—
"Well aunty, its the best we can do".

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

A GARDEN OF DREAMS.

I planted a beautiful garden
A garden of hopes most fair
And visions of rapture was given a part
And all had my tenderest care
The fairest of beautiful gardens
With roses that sparkle with dew
And dreams of tenderest beauty
And a fountain of love, for you
Each day had its sun and shadow
Each day I labored there
For a garden of themes and a garden of dreams
Must have not a weed or tare,
I built a beautiful cottage
Beside a rippling stream
Though all alone, I built us a home
With only a hope and dream.

THE GROUND-HOG.

I wish I were groundhog,
As wise and cunning too.
I'd find a warm and sheltered spot
And sleep the winter through.
I would not fret about the cold,
Nor having coal to buy;
I'd beat the landlord out of rent,
And let the grocer sigh.
But one thing makes me leary,——
Some might think I had died,
And go to work and skin me
And bleach and tan my hide

The home is a co-operative love colony, over which the father and mother presides and each member contributes love and devotion in accordance with their ability and takes from the common store in accordance to their needs.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

BEAUTIFUL EYES

No artist can paint your beautiful face,
No sage can fathom your eye
With its sunshine and rain,
Its joy and its pain,
Its mingling of earth and sky.
They gather their beauty from flowers of the field,
From the twinkling stars of the skies.
Earth opens her fold of beauties untold
In the depths of your wonderful eyes.
Those beautiful eyes, those beautiful eyes,
Kindled with light of paradise,
Earth opens her fold of beauty untold
In the depths of those wonderful eyes.

RETROSPECTION

If we were only young again
To do our whole life over,
Knowing then what we know now,—
Would you be my lover?
Could you turn the hands of time
Back some thirty years
Would you happily live with me
Thru all the sighs and tears?
Would you yield the joy and pain
Shared along with me?
Would soul and heart agree
To part if you could clearly see
The future layed before your eyes
Unfolded like the sea
If all the joys in years to come
Would be along with me?
If we could only roam again
Thru childhood's happy hours,
When we climbed hills together
Amid the thorns and flowers;
If we but stood where once we stood
Some thirty years ago
Would you say "yes" or love me less——
If you could know?

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

THE HOUND PUP.

I received a letter, the other day
From the boy, my boy, who is far away,
Inquiring about the old hound pup
With which he used to play.
"Now Dad" said he "I think a lot
Of that old pup,—take care of him
And never give him up.

He went with me thru childhood,
He followed high and low
Thru the sultry heat of summer
And winter's ice and snow.
We have hunted the woods together,
He led in many a chase
And leaped the highest fences
With subtle, easy grace.

When I left home that morning
I took him to the brook,
And we sympathised together
In a grassy, shady nook.
I told my joys and sorrows
Told him my hopes and fears,
And we leaped with joy together,
And I bathed him in tears.

Now I love that ugly creature
As only a boy knows how,—
How I long to see the dear old farm
And milk the jersey cow,
And have the old hound meet me
Down there by Cory Stark's,
And hear the kids that pass me
Say 'that hound is Harry Clark's.'

For I am proud of that old pup,
And he is proud of me,
And when I can I'm coming home
That old hound pup to see."

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

WAITING.

When you wait for news or letter
From some one very dear,
Your heart is filled with longing
And your soul is full of fear.
Then a hoard of doubts and fancies
Come to drive away the sleep,
And spectres of "the night-have-been"
Around your pillow creep
Your nerves are all a'quiver,
Your heart is beating fast,
As you call for reinforcement
From the knowledge of the past.
With faith and hope and courage
You have met the hord before,
But this foe is never vanquished
And the warfare never over.
But when the fight is over
And doubts and fears have fled,
And faith and hope and courage
Have tucked you into bed.
You sleep so calm, so peaceful,
Your nerves don't jump at all
When you hear the postman's footstep
Just coming up the hall.

JAZZ

A starving waif once gathered
The sounds he knew so well,
The rolling of his vitals,
A tortured soul in hell.
The song of the screeching night-owl,
A donkey's mournful bray.
The wailing of a tom-cat,—
A debt he could not pay.
He threw them all together,
His woes all in a mass;
And the world —it sang his sorrow
And called the darn thing, JAZZ.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

BABY

Tired of playing with her toys,
Tired of making a fuss and a noise.
Just too weary to romp and play,—
Baby is closing up her day.

Tired and hungry and sleepy too,
Did not know just what to do.—
Mother knows, God bless her soul!
Bread and milk in a great big bowl.
She puts her in her nice high chair
And latches the gate with skill and care,
Sees that baby has plenty to eat,
Kisses her once and calls her "sweet",
Then goes about her work and care
And leaves the baby eating there.

But baby's head just bent so low,—
Eating bread and milk, you know,
Kept on looking down her nose
That her eyes just had to close.
Now and then she missed a bite
And you may not think it right.
Evening shadows 'round her creep,—
Bless her heart ——She's fast asleep.

Did not care no more for toys,
Did not hear no fuss nor noise,
Bats her eyes and leaves them closed,
Following where the sandman goes.
Bowed her head and passed away
Where the dusky shadows play.





HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

CHICAGO'S I WILL

One selfish thought;— to win the race,
Your slogan written on every face.
One selfish thought—to guide the soul,
Onward, on to a selfish goal.
No wonder the world with awe is still
At your great power of "I will! I will!"

Just one thought,— and that of self;
The rest of the world but made for pelf.
Heed not their pleadings, the world defy,
Just one thought—to do or to die.
And on your soul that is dead and still
We still can read "I will!, I will!"

When at the end of the maddening race
With "I will"! stamped upon your face,
With blighted mind and withered soul
You will march right up when they call the roll,
And say to St. Peter with a look to kill,—
"I am going in,—I will! I will!"

FIFTY YEARS

Fifty years of drifting — — thats sad,
Fifty years of failure — — thats bad,
Haven't a goal in view — — never had,
Just dreaming and drifting — — yet glad.

Fifty years of sunshine — — and of rain,
Fifty years of pleasure — — and of pain,
Years and years of labor — — little gain,
Separating chaff from — — the grain.

What about the future — — don't know,
Got to reap the harvest — — that I sow,
Lots and lots of troubles — — they grow,
Can't make the chaff — — into dough.

The soul is the master mind of human instinct.
It has a greater function in the moulding of our
destinies than reason, education and environment.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

TOMORROW

As we stand at the door of the future
With the curtains so closely drawn
That we see not the trials of tomorrow,
But the light that is urging us on;
Comes the hope that in future sunshine
There will be no signs of rain,
And a hope that in future pleasures
There will be no thoughts of pain.

The hopes and anticipations
The thoughts of secession of sorrow
Make light the trials of today
In the hopes of a brighter tomorrow,
We mould great plans for the future,
We clad them in bright array,
And the greatest joys of tomorrow
Are the hopes of a dark today.

For a hope that is born and nourished
And a dream that is dreamed and kept
Will kindle our latent powers
And 'rouse the desires that slept.
The greatest curse of mankind
Is the hope that dies at birth,
And a dream undreamed, and a song unsung,
Is a sorrow to all earth.
So cherish the hopes and visions,
And nourish the flickering gleam.
The joys of tomorrow are only a part
Of what today is a dream.

HOPE

Go into the dark of darkness,
Go into the depths of despair.
Dwell in the midst of doubts and fears,—
Hope will find you there.
Courage may faint and falter,
Faith may fall by the way,
But hope and its reassurance
Will beckon you every day.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

THE GOLDEN RULE

We shall learn to love our brothers,
The world we need not fear,
For war shall cease for ever,
And hate shall disappear,
The strangers and the alien
We will welcome at our door,
Teach them to love each other,
And hate and war no more.

We shall learn to war no more,
The world shall live at peace,
When we learn the golden rule,
All hate and war shall cease,
And peace on earth will be,
Good will shall be to men,
As ye would that others do to you,
Do ye even so to them.
On earth peace, to men, on earth peace, to men,
As you would that others do to you,
Do ye even so to them.

AS LONG

Humanity like a chain, is weak as its weakest link,
And the world will not progress, more than the
weakest think.

How can the heart be happy, how can love prevail,
How can my soul be free, while others languish
in jail.

When the whole wide world is happy,
When the whole wide world is free,
When none are starving or cold,
The whole shall include me,
As long as there's a body in torment,
As long as there's a soul in hell,
As long as the world is in sorrow,
It will include me as well.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

BEYOND

When I pass on with time in flight,
Into the dark of silent night,
And into space and on and on,
Following the path that all have gone.
When I pass on and beyond life's ray,
Into tomorrow and beyond today,
Into the vast and all unknown,
Taking death's journey alone.

When I pass into the dark, of night,
And out and on and beyond your sight,
Into the mysteries alone to cope,
I would like to take one ray of hope,
Would like your blessing to follow there,
The echo of your earnest prayer.
The memories of your love so fond,
When I pass into the great beyond.

When I pass out and on and on
Following the path that all have gone.
If I could span the chasm spaned
And gently lead you by the hand
Show you the path that all have trod
Into the mysteries of earth and God.
To have a voice and power to tell
And give assurance that all is well

When I pass on, with time in her flight,
Into the quiet and silent night,
Into the silence that softly creep,
Into the long and eternal sleep,—
If you were there and I could know,
That where I went you to would go;
For where you were, love would abound,
And hope would dwell in the great beyond

'The sunlight was the only one that would dare
To stroke the tresses of one so fair
And he was caught in strands of dark brown hair
And a willing captive nestled there.

HOPE, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

HONEY DEW

A little flower alone did dwell,
In a grassy shady dell,
None of it's kind to share it's lot
Alone it grew almost forgot.
But now and then the honey bee,
Brought it news of company,
Brought it hope and faith anew
As it sipped the honey dew.

The little bee with pollen laden
Stopped to see this blushing maiden
Brought it news from a far
From another lonesome flower,
Who confided in the bee
How it longed for company.
Told its hope and love so true,
Clothed it in sweet honey dew.

Here we are living all alone
Only by the breezes known.
The bee can tell how lone I've been,
Far away from folk and kin.
Thy honey dew is soft and sweet,
Thy perfume a pleasing greet,
And I think so much of you,
Oh! honey dew, Oh! honey dew.

In memory's album the pictures are so closely interwoven that it is hard to distinguish between those which give us pleasure and those which recall heart-aches and tears. There are two things essential to the making of a picture—light and shadow—and in a perfect picture they are so blended together that it is impossible to distinguish their boundries. Strife and sorrow are the objects that come between us and the sun of happiness. Without the light and the shadow there would be no picture, no memory.

The soul is as transmittable to posterity as red hair and freckles.

HOPES, DREAMS AND MEMORIES

TOM SCOPES

I just want to tell you about a guy,
A machinist, that works on the C. and E. I.
He has a good word and a pleasant smile,
And it will do you good, to chat him awhile.

In his own creation, he finds a joy,
Like a child would do, in a new found toy.
He loves his work, like he loves a song;
And he works and sings, the whole day long.

You would dream a dream and smile a smile
As Tom kept talking all the while;
You'd dream of love, in flowers and brook,
In a shady dell and quiet nook.

Learning to love and hope and sing,
Hunting a joy in every thing;
And all the world enjoying the sun,
And God a talking to every one.

And you'd be happy and learn to sing,
About the world and joy and spring,
You'd learn the song, and know the theme
That God' is love and life a dream.

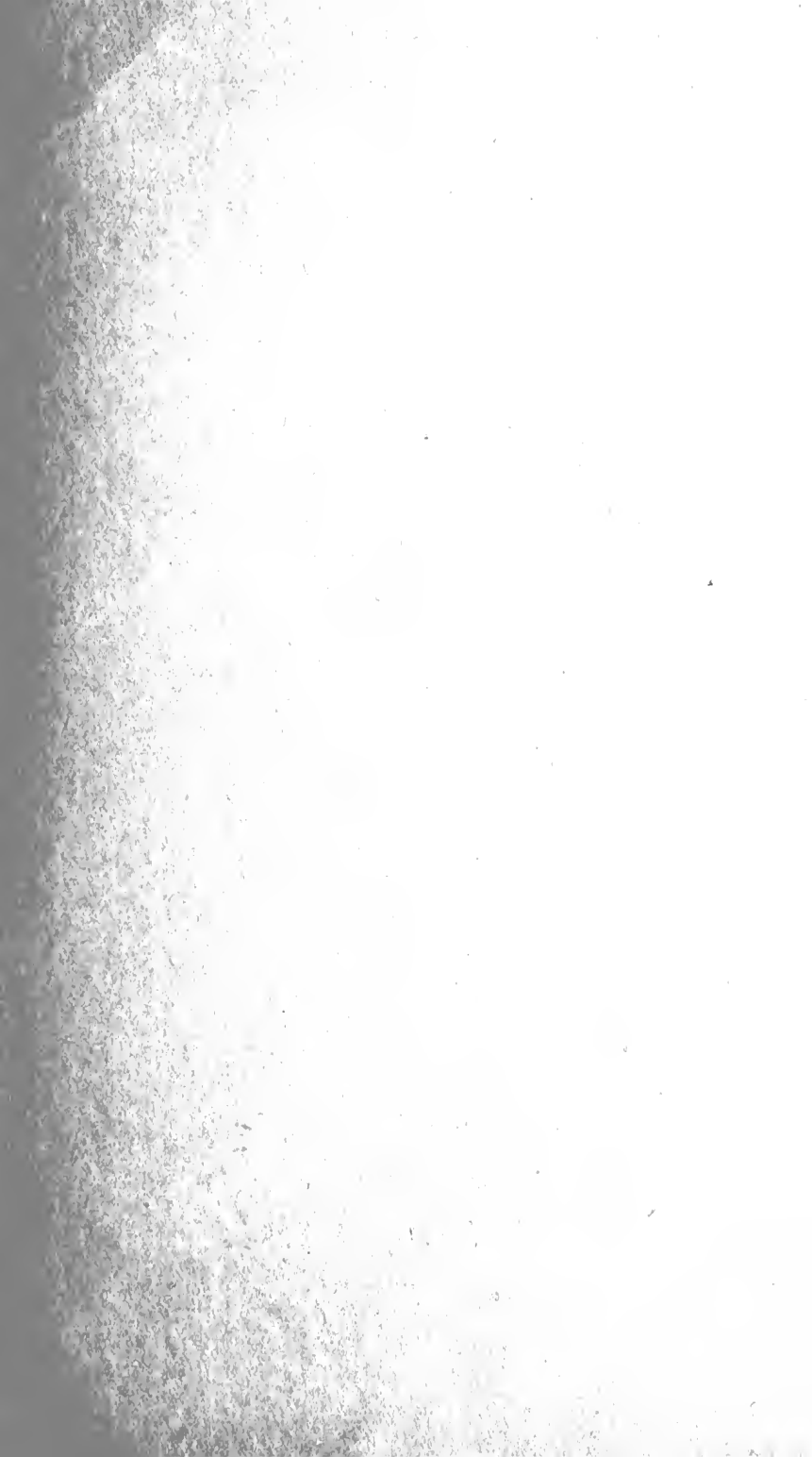
I meant to talk of Tom and his lay
Strange how things run together that way.
Just a mingling and blending together
Like a happy heart and sunny weather,

Every great achievement has been a fight against nature.

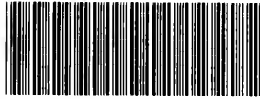
If we must have slavery, let us enslave the machine and set humanity free.

Freedom: at thy shrine is spilt the blood of our noblest sons of men, yet how often has thy heritage been yielded for a pot of pottage

Music is the harmonious vibrations of the voice of God through the souls of men.



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